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### "THE TIGRESS."

I am very glad that I have at last seen "The Tigress." I had heard so much about this dramatization of the hectic novel "Crucify Her" that I had begun to long for my inde-pendence, to yearn for the ability to say to the nergetic Manager MacGeachy next time he uttonholed me on Broadway, "Hold, man! buttonholed me on Broadway, "Hold, man! I've seen your play. Don't tell me anything more about it." I assert that for some months I have had "Tigress" a la manager, by letter and by word of mouth, until I pined for some way of escape. Then there were brief intervals of "Tigress" à la author, which were less fatiguing. But now, thank goodness, I have come true, as I have met my intended wife, and she has the identical features of the myself at the People's.

I confess that I was interested in Mr. Morris's ok, "Crucify Her," in spite of its many glaring faults. Its story, which was not new, was told with an ever-increasing interest, and it held my attention. It is the fashion to speak of such books nowadays as feverish, and I am very fond of hearing the term used by people who have no more feverishness about their constitution of comprehension than the icebergs. The morality of Mr. Morris's book was questionable, and the fact that he made his sinning heroine happy is somewhat deplorable. But though I should like to have criticised the book from the point of view of the saint, I found it impossible. Perhaps that was because I am so beautifully conscious of my own absence of sanctity.

In "The Tigress" the interest of the book is by no means maintained. The play is an ex-tremely stagey affair, full of "situations," which Noah must have used when he indulged in private theatricals in the Ark. The incident of the theft of the diamond necklace, which was not unduly emphasized in the, book has been given considerable prominence in the play, and t was a mistake. Vulgar, every-day, Jefferson. Market-Police-Court crime is not at all interesting when staged. It is a primitive effect. We yearn nowadays for something more in accord with our artistic wickedness.

The story of the play deals with the life of an unfortunate girl, who, when a mere child, has been led into sin. Her betrayer, whom she still loves, becomes enamoured of an adventuress and kills himself when he is unable to secure he affection. The girl swears to be revenged upon the adventuress. Years afterwards, when a governess in an aristocratic French family, she meets the woman, who is then passing under another name. There is mutual recognition Stella Barotti, the adventuress, is cudeavoring to ruin the reputation of the son of the family. Incidentally, she steals the mother's diamonds. She and her accomplice are thwarted by the girl, Angela, who marries the son, and lives

happily everafterwards, Mr. Morris hopes. I need not say where the scene is laid. Everybody on hearing that there is gambling in the play will at once guess Monte Carlo, What would become of the modern "society drama" without Monte Carlo? It is a veritable refuge for the destitute dramatist. That sickening salon de jeu and the nauscating rouge et noir would be threadbare and dilapidated by this time, if the invasions of the playwright could tell upon them.

Mr. Morris has eked out his play with talki He has tried very hard to be cynical. He has evidently nomatural taste for cynicism, but has cultivated it in the same way that people strive to take of yes and sicken themselves in an attempt to swallow caviare. The action of "The Tigress" is haiting. Three-fourths of maining fourth is devoted to preparation for the climax, which comes with a slap-bang and brings down the curtain. The climaxes are, as a rule, effective, but they are conventional, Mr. Morris thoroughly understands the conventional climax, and he has made four of them.

The cynicism in the play is not enlivening It is mostly levelled at the woman of fashion and Mr. Morris says nothing that has not been said fifty times before. The idea of the wife who is always pining for the death of her husband is unpleasant. It is meant for comedy, and ought, perhaps, to be labelled to that effect. The perpetual allusions to the undress of the opera frequenters is at times coarse. The subject has been done to death in the comia. papers, and a resurrection is entirely un-necessary. Perhaps I may be accused of deliberately looking for these flaws for the purpose of holding them up. The fact is, how-ever, that the play is full of them from the prologue to the fourth act. I admire cleverly spontaneous cynicism, and can gloat over repartee. But the cynicism, and repartee in Tigress are not entertaining. A portion of the comedy scene between Mmc. Lanine and Lord Noddy was very funny, and very admirably done, but there was too much of it. Mr. Morris does not yet know when to "quit."

Miss Selina Fetter was underlined as one of the stars of "The Tigress," but as Stella Barotti, the adventuress, her performance was absolutely colorless. Stella was a sort of Lens Despard, and Miss Fetter was handicapped by refinement. Her adventuress was a curious sor of a creature. In fact, it was hard to believe that Miss Fetter realized what the adventures really was. Perhaps she thought she had covered all the defects of the Barotti when she smoked a cigarette. But plenty of en smoke cigarettes who are adventuresses, and there is little that is suggestive in the act. In the last scene Miss Fetter was at her best. Some forceful acting was called for and she responded to the demands of the occasion. It may be urged that this was the only time that the part called for strong acting. That may be. But the part certainly demanded subtlety and snake-like deviltry. Miss Fetter was neither subtle nor devilish, and showed that she had absolutely no

idea how to be either the one or the other. Miss Blanche Weaver walked deliberately away with the honors of the evening. She was the only member of the cast who gave an artis tic performance. Miss Weaver luckily had a part with which the audience was ready to sym pathize, but while the part was responsible for a good deal of her success. Miss Weaver's clever methods must not be forgotten. As Angela Romano she made an unquestioned success. Mr. Ramsay Morris, as Count Barotti, " a modern Mephistopheles," was weak. If he wrote the part to fit himself, it shows that he had a very feeble idea of his own dramatic abilities. Mr. Morris was at no time bad. He gave a neg-

ative performance. His French accent was not as durable as it might have been. It had worn out before the play ended.

Miss Nins Freeth was amusing as Mme. Lanine, and Engene Sanger conscientions as Lord Noddy, Miss Nellie Taylor failed to realize the part of Countess Beaudry, which was one of the finest in the book, and Frank Karrington was cracily unimpressive as Count Beaudry. By the bye, I saw an exquisite horseshoe of flowers addressed to Mr. Karrington in the lobby. I am so glad he didn't get it over the Zootlights.

# THE GREAT TOURNEY.

Who Would Have Thought There Were so Many Dreamers?

"The Evening World" Mails Still Crowded with Dream Literature.

Julian Hawthorne, the Judge, Finds an Avalanche of Work on His Hands.

Fought With Bismarck. I dreamed I was walking on the Brooklyn Bridge, and I met Bismarck. We got into a scrap and I pulled his three hairs out. CHARLES LEVY, 95 Fulton street.

He Fell'in Reality. I dreamed the other evening that I was falling and was straining every nerve to save myself, but did not awake until I had fallen out of bed. Louis J.

Here's Poetle Happiness. I dreamed one night that I was in a vas wilderness, and an angel appeared in majestic spiendor, with a golden ring in its hand, which it presented to me. My dream has JOE AND EMMA.

A Slight Hallacination. I dreamed I received a letter from Tur EVENING WORLD stating that \$20 was waiting my arrival for having the most remarkable dream. I was thinking what I would do with it, when I heard a voice say. 'Time to get up." Respectfully, LILILIAN STOCKTON, 424 West Forty-eighth street.

A Small Boy's Dream.

I dreamed I was working in an apartment house, and that I went upstairs to get some doughnuts, and was asked when I came down where did I get them? I answered: "Every morning at 7.45 o'clock, when the pestman brings a letter for Reno, I always take it up, and she gives me doughnuts." When I awoke I beard the postman in the vard calling for Reno, and it was just 7.45 o'clock. J. F. HAYNE, 154 Sullivan street.

A Warning of Death. I dreamed I was in my room rocking my baby and my little four-year old girl was playing on the floor. My dead sister came in the room, and taking my little girl under her arm, said: arm, said: "Go to our mother," I was much alarmed over this dream, thinking was about to lose my little one. The next day I went up to my mother's house and found her very sick. She was in excellent health the night before. Eight days later she died of pneumonia, New Jersey.

He Went All to Pieces.

A short time ago I had the following dream suddenly felt myself going down. I could not see where or how slow at first, then faster and faster until I had obtained a frightful rapidity. As I went down parts of my body were giving way as if by friction with the air, until only my face was lett; even the back part of my bead was gone. Then I gradually slowed up, and as I did so my body slowly regained its proper shane, and when entirely whole I stopped and woke up.

J. G., 67 South Ninth street,

Chased by a Manine.

I thought as I was out walking on a country road I saw a woman coming towards me who was pulling the hair from her head. When she saw me she chased me through fields for about an hour. Finally I escaped to a house without letting her see me. Next day I had occasion to pass that way, when I saw the same kind of a woman, who chased me over the same route as I dreamed of, and to exactly the same h use, where I stayed in terror until she went a mile away. I heard in few days after she was a woman who lived ear that place, who was mad.

Predicted un "Evening World," EVENING WORLD, I was visiting some friends in Pittsburg, where I obtained a copy of the morning World with great difficulty, and went to bed very much pleased with the news I had been reading. I dreamed that The Eveniso Word was to be published, and that it pleased the people so much that all the other papers had to give up publication. What was my surprise on returning to New York to find that The Evening World had been issued. I have been a constant reader of it ever since. H. M. West New Brighton, S. I.

His Dream Was Doubted. About sixteen years ago I occupied a room in which there was an old bureau. All the drawers of this were unlocked, excepting one that contained some old family papers. This had never been opened, as far as I know, though I had often pulled at the handle to try it, but without success. One night I dreamed that it was unlocked, and told my brother in the morning. On trying it, he found it would open. He naturally thought I had told a story and the only result of having a strange dream was to have my veracity

Dreamed of Being Hanged. I dreamed that I stood in the docket of court-room charged with murder in the first legree. What surprised me the most was

that I hadn't any idea of who or what it was that I had murdered, but I was found guity and sentenced to be hung. Visitors by the and sentenced to be lung. Visitors by the hundreds came and brought me flowers and baskets of eatables and seemed to feel the sorrow more than I, especially one young lady whom I had never seen before, and yet I thought that we were to be married on the day of execution. At last it came and I was marched slowly towards the scafford with my arms pluioned behind me. I saw a fluttering of a hap-lkerchief, felt the floor give way, the rope stretch and I awoke just in time to save my neck.

W. E. W.

A Vision of Future New York. I dreamed I saw New York city in the year 1991. Beginning at the Battery Park, all the dark and crooked streets had been made straight, on both sides of Broadway up to Fourteenth street. There was not a tenement house in all this district. The busi ness centre of the world was here, and every foot of building space from Fourteentl street to the Battery was filled with more massive and costly buildings than any now on Broadway, except where an occasional three-cornered block had been leveled and beautiful spot of grass and flowers had re-duced it. Five tree bridges connected the ity with Brooklyn, and five cent rapid trantrains connected all parts of Long and. Elevated roads had been abolished: and in their place six underground phen-matic lines, owned and operated by the city, carried passengers free from one part of the city to another in from one to six minutes.

The people owned all—their time and talents were too valuable to the prosperity of the city to place the means of transit in the power of corporations. For the same reason three

gymnasiums, reading rooms and coffeehouses, I would have seen much more, but
I awoke to wish it were not all a dream.

BALZBURG, 825 West Fordeth street.

A LITTLE CONDENSED HUMOR.

A TALK ON NOVELS.

Visited Africa in Sleep. I dreamed I was on a voyage down some river in Central Africa. We were attacked by some savages and in the excitement I fell overboard unnoticed, it being quite dark at the time. I floated quickly away and in a short time I was lying on some lonely shore. As I lay there I heard the roar of some ani-mal, and turning in that direction I saw Taz Wontp's bleyelist, Thomas Stevens, walking towards me. He gave me a hearty welcome towards me. He gave the a some of his adven-and was relating to me some of his adven-tures, when suddenly a large tiger pounced upon me and I swoke with a sudden start. F. W. R., ja.

What Does This Signify? After 12 o'clock on New Year's eye, being tired out, I sat in the rocker to rest. Suddenly I found myself in a handsomely furnished room, in one corner of which was a brown mantel. On this mantel was what seemed a huge ball of fire, mounted on an easel. While gazing at this strange speccasel. While gazing at this strange spec-tacle I was aroused by a slight noise from be-hind me. I turned quickly, but saw noth-ing. When I again turned to the mantel the hall of fire was gone, and in its place was the sun, large and bright, and surrounding it were the twelve signs of the Zodiac. In the centre of this was "353" in large black figures. I had just made one step towards the martel when my head struck against somemantel when my head struck against some thing, and I swoke to find myself on the floor beside the rocker. A. F. MARTINY.

A Gruesome Fenst. I dreamed that my attention was attracted by the strains of martial music. I hastened to the window and saw three distinct organizations marching, with fifes and drums. The company in the centre was the largest, numbering several hundred men, who seemed to bering several hundred men, who seemed to bering several hundred men. The large ban-be going to target practice. The large ban-ner, gayly decorated, which they carried was inscribed "Eveniso World Social Guards." Being an old soldier it brought my memory lieing an old soldier it brought my memory war times, and when they Heing an old soldier it brought my memory back to war times, and when they bassed by I commenced to practise with drumsticks in the house, drumming on anything handy making a most deafening noise. I was smidenly called to an account by some unseen presence, and for punishment for making such a racket I was conducted to a cemetery and commanded to eat a human corpse, which was there all ready for me. I proceeded to masticate it in a matter-of-fact way, commencing at the shoulders and tearing the flesh down in strips with my teeth, but was awakened in the midst of my gruesome feast by a sense of horror.

some feast by a sense of horror. C. M. D., 316 East Eightieth street,

Remembers a Forgotten Language. When I was a child about nine years old it was my fate to be in the Indian Mutiny. My mother, with my two brothers, myself and a doctor and his wife, were driving for dear life for the fort. We were, however, captured by the Schoys, who made short work of the doctor and my brother Herbert, about one year old, whom they tossed in the air and impaled on their bayonets. My knowl-

one year old, whom they tossed in the air and impaled on their bayonets. My knowledge of the vernacular was perfect, having been well grounded by my servant boy, and I carsed those men as only a Hindoo can. The flow of language so astonished the flends that they halfed in their butches to listen and laugh at me. It saved our lives. A party of Jacobs's Horse came round the bend of the road and saved us.

Now, the strange thing is that, though I have long forgotten Hindustani, as sure as I suffer from indigestion my nightmare is a repetition of that awful scene, and, as of yore, I curse those Sepoys in my dream, and aloud, too, in most polished Hindoo oaths, to the no small astonishment of those who may be within earshot, especially if among my nocturnal audience should be one up in the language.

John C. Graham.

Some years ago I was a practising physician and had many patients in Hoboken, N. J. I visited my uncle's house in that town one night, and while there tell asleep on the sofs. I dreamed that a gentleman whose family I attended regularly came to my house in great excitement and asked me to call at once to see his wite, whom he stated had been taken with a convulsion. This dream was so real to me that I storted up half awake and had nearly reached the stables before I was fully I decided to make a call and see if there was any reason for my vision. I drove to the house, rang the bell, which was quickly answered by a maid, who knew me, and whose first words were: 'I am so glad you have come, doctor: Mrs. B. is very ill.' I went into the sick room and found her suftering very much, but soon relieved her. After I had been there some time Mr. B. came in and said: 'How did you get here? I was told at your office that they did not expect you in for some time.'' I replied that as I was driving past I thought I would stop and make a friendly call, and was glad that I had done so, to which he agreed. I had given no thought to this family for weeks, and they had been unusually well and had no need of my services. was any reason for my vision. I

A Vision of the Resurrection. I dreamed that I stood in the midst of a vast plain covered with white sand. In front of me and beside me, as far as my eye could reach, there were what seemed to have been graves, but so long ago had they been formed that the mounds were almost hidden under the drifting sand. Slowly I became conscious that it was the Resurrection morn. To the right and left of me I saw the dead arise. They came up slowly through the drifting sand, and stood as calmiy and silently as myself, facing the cast. Near me silently as myself, facing the cast. Near me pro-e a sister of mine who had died in my boyhood. By her side stood a little girl. Then arose her husband, a man who had died in middle life, and last of all appeared an old man wet long, white heir, from which he shook the sand. This was their son, who had long survived both father and

other. So on for acre after acre did the earth give its dead. Haggard faces were there, and features placid and calm. Only a few bore any token of the pain which had lanished them from life. Men and women, youths and madens, babes and little children, were all thickly grouped at last with expectant gaze directed towards the east, whence all seemed to feel would come the second breath-ing of life. There was no spirit of dread in any one of us, but a confidence that all was well, and that the Power which had ordered well, and that the Power which had ordered our old lives was to give us something higher and better, but not alter any fashion such as we had thought when mortal. I remember to more. Was I awake or asleep that morning?

E. W. Thomson,
Park Avenue Hotel, New York.

An Important Interview on Hand-[From Harper's Barnet, ]
Husband-My dear, these trousers are frayed

the bottom.

Wife. They are the best you've got, John, exopt your dress trousers. Husband-Well, give them to me. I have an important interview on hand to-day in which I expect to be at different times proud, haughty, induferent, discouled and perhaps a triffe disdanful. A man can't be all that successfully with fringe on the bottoms of his trousers.

# One Fact

Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American state man. It is a fact, established by the testimous of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum and other diseases or affectious or corporations. For the same reason, three panumatic passenger tubes connected States a leading from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appointment unknown. Alcoholic poison, like opium, was sold only on careful prescription, and former salcons were now free baths,

TWILL SERVE TO SWEETEN THE CUP OF LIFE.

Evening Up.



Miss Breathnor-I think it's a shame for yo ister to bamboozle that poor little Elson so. Mr. Sallyson (sadly)—Things right themselves a this world. His sister is suing me for breach

\* A Modern Samson.

" In the haby strong ?" "Well, rather. You know what a tremendous oice he has?"

Well, he lifts that five or six times an hour.

Reverence. | From the Boston Bearen. She-Why, Charley, your grandmother died only a week ago, and here you are at a dancing

party. I should thing you'd have some respect for her memory.

He—Why, I certainly have. But you see she lost her memory six years before she died, and I date my respect from that time. A Drawing Attraction

''.James," said the museum keeper's wife, there is a good deal in the papers nowadays about these New South Whales. I think we ought to get one of them, even if it is only

An Humble Mun's Opiulon. [From the Detroit Pres Press.] When an insurance company can lose half a million dollars and let the robber quietly walk off in peace, it looks to a man up a tree as if rates ought to come down about 50 per cent.

> It Was Getting Late. [From Harper's Banar 1

"The saddest words are often the sweetest," nurmured De Boor. "The lover's good-night. for instance."
"Yes," sighed Miss Weary, "I always like to hear you say it."

A Drawback to the Game.

'These old-fashioned forfeit games are well mough in their way," said Dudeling, "but when you get a glass ring back in place of the solitaire you gave up in a moment of confidence, you really began to desire some more genuine amusement.

There Was No Occasion.

[Philip H. Welch, in the Spoch.]

Mamma (to Flossie, who had been lunching with a little friend)-I hope you were very polite, Flossie, at the table, and said "Yes, please," and "No, thank you!" bostie-Well, I didn't say "No, thank you," because yes see I took everything.

The Main Trouble. [From Harper's Busar.]

"But his audience insulted him: they kept egging him on and on." "No, they didn't. They kept egging him off and off. That's why he pulled a gun on them."

A Fact.

[From the Boston Bearon, ] Amy Williams-Ruth, dear, won't you walk up o the corner with me ? I don't like to go alone. Ruth Ward-I'm never alone, Amy. The Lord is always with me. Amy-Well. Ruth, you walk up to the corner with me, and then you will have company back.

Not Open to Such Office. [From the Detroit Free Press.]
Peter Clark, an Ohio lad, hung to a beam on a ailroad bridge while a train of forty-six freight cars passed over his head, and he says he wouldn't do it again for the best custard pie over made.

Feminine Nature.

Adult Son-Mother, does a wirl mean to en ourage or discourage a man when she — Mother—My son, there is no need of going into details. When a girl starts out to either encourage or discourage a man, the man never has any doubt about what she means.

> Modern Railroading. [From Life ]

Old Wayback Wayback from Wayback Town hip)-Gee whack! things is scrumptions, sin't Whatfur is that 'ar axe in th' furrard part o' th' kyar?
Young Wakeup Wayback (from the city)—That
is to help kill the passengers in case of accidents, so as to bring the damages down to

Coming Receptions.

[From the Philadelphia Record.] Waiting Maid (a few years hence)—The woman of the house wants to know if you can have dinner to-day at 5 o'clock ? Cook Lady—Tell the woman of the house I'm at home to me friends to-day, an' there won't be no dinner except for me callers.

What Cured Rev.

(From the Philadelphia Record.)
Modern Healer-I understand that you were nable to walk without crutches for years, and ow you can walk as well as ever.
Old Lady—Yes.
"Which one of our Christian science healers

"Oh, I didn't have a healer. You see, I went Oh, I didn't have a healer. You see, I went into a dark, gloomy room one moonlit night, and I saw a white ghostly form right before me, and I was so startled that I dropped my crutches, and the unexpected noise of them falling on the floor so nearly crazed me that I sprang to the door and ran for my life."

Oh! Then it was some kindly spirit from the summer land that came to make you whole?"

No; it was a white dust cloth over a broomstel."

Out of the Old Man's Box.



Old Lady-Little boy, what would your fathe do if he should find you smoking ? Little Boy-He'd (puff) prob'ly lick me; (puff) one o' his cigars.

It Forms One of "The Evening World's " Free Lectures.

There Were Seven More of These Discourses Last Night.

Practical Topics Practically Treated by Practical Men.

The ninth instalment in the course of free ectures, secured by THE EVENING WORLD bill, was given last evening, discourses being delivered in seven of the public schools of this city with good attendance.

At 216 East One Hundred and Tenth street Prof. Zachos lectured on "Novelists and Their Influence;" at 30 Allen street Prof. Sloane told "How to Study Science at Home:" at 208 East Forty-second street Edward H. Boyer spoke of " Electricity : Its Theory, Sparks and Shocks," at Seventieth stre-t and First avenue Prof. Leipziger talked on "Local and State Governments and the Conduct of Elections;" at 523 West Forty-fourth street Dr. Allen lectured on "Hluminating Gas : " at 225 West Fortyfirst street Prof. Mott discoursed on "The Chemistry of What We Est and Drink, and

at 108 Broome street Prof. F. 6. Caldwell talked of "The Solar System."

Prof. Zachos opened his discourse relating to novels by saying that they were the earliest form of literature. They preceded even the historical warrs. the historical worgs.

The ancient parables were in reality novels,
Their aim was to teach moral and religious

truths in a pleasant and interesting manner. The novel might be called the portable drama of life. In the drama all is action, and the will of one character operates on the will of another, and there is no such subtle analy sis possible as in a cleverly written novel. e novel sentiment, feeling and passion can vividly depicted, and the reader is brought into closer contrast, as it were, with the characters delineated.

A novel is like a mirror, reflecting the imagination of the writer. The more brilliant and acute the imagination the better will be the fiction it produces, because such a mind is able to draw a more interesting and absorbing picture of actual occurrence. And, as a rule, the truer to live a novel is the more real worth and interest there is attaching to it.

Good novels have always been good edu-cators. They depict actual characters and possible events, and their analyses and com-ments serve to stimulate observation in the The novel reflects the customs manners

and morals of the age in which it is produced. The works of fiction of the last century. The works of fiction of the last century, therefore, with few exceptions, are not as wholesome morally as those of to-day because the morals of the past century were not on so high a plane as those of the present.

The lecturer cited Walter Scott, Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, Dickens and Thackeray as examples of the highest class of novels. They educate and instruct as well as amuse. Scott's novels present an accurate picture of the customs prevailing during the Middle Ages. They do this far more entertainingly than the dry history.

Thackeray, witty, ironical, yet so kindly, is a wonderful delineator of human nature. His characters are found everywhere in daily life. The same is true of Dickens, though many of his characters approach the groteque and are sometimes broad burlesques.

Frof. Zachos advised his listeners to read the book reviews in the Sunday newspapers.

the book reviews in the Sunday newspapers, and closed by advising his audience to be careful to select the best novels. If the best novels only were read inferior works would pall and weary the reader.

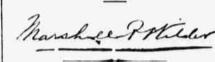
WORLDLINGS.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, is a pro found student of the Bible, and his knowledge of the Scriptures shows itself in his speeches, many phrases of which are in Biblical language The Queen of Madagascar is said to get all her dresses from Paris, and some of them are very corgeous. She is twenty-three years old, a small slender woman of light color, and is very popu

lar with her subjects. Mrs. S. V. White, the wife of the Brooklyn ongressman, is said to be the only hostess in Washington who has followed her conscience this Winter and refused to give her guests champagne and punch.

Mrs. Frank Leslie reaches her desk at 8 o'clock in the morning, and usually remains at it until She told a Chicago reporter the other day that her average amount of sleep was not more than five hours out of the twenty-four,

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.



Gleaned in the Labor Field. Typographical Union No. 6 announces its an-nal ball at Tammany Hall on the night of The American Federation of Labor is making preparations for a general movement for eight hours in May, 1890. hours in May, 1800.

The Miscellaneous Section will have a lively meeting to-night. The beer boycott bribery subject will probably be discussed.

LOST AT SEA.



The shipwrocked mariner lost at sea hails with delight he sight of the North Star, for it is to him the star of tope, which, if followed, may lead to a haven of safety. low like the mariner lost upon the pathless sea is that seary and almost hopeless invalid, who, nearly despair weary and almost hopoless invalid, who, hearly despiring of a cure, knows not where to turn nor what to do.

Lost upon the sea of life exactly describes such a case, and just so surely as help does not come from some source, just so surely will the weakness, sleeplosmoss, nervousness and debtlifty gradually run into nervous exhaustion and physicial prestration until the end comesassaulty, paralysis, atter prostration, or death. What the North Star, shining with steady and co

stant light, is to the lost mariner, Dr. Greene's Nervira, the great brain, nerve and health restorer, is to the weak-\* ned, disheartened and almost discouraged invalid wha has tried nearly everything without avail. It is the star of hope, for the use of this great and wonderful remedy rill surely and certainly remove all the weakness, nor-coursess and tired feelings, and give back to the exhanated nerves and decilitated body the atrength and vigor they have loot. It is a giver of renewed life, vigor and vitality, and is made from health-giving and norve-restoring plants and horbs, which are perfectly harmless and simply marvellous in their restorative effects. It is for sale by all druggists at \$1 per bottle. Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th at., New York, who dis covered this remedy, is the great specialist in the cur-of nervous and chronic diseases, who can be consulted free of charge, personally or by letter.

## BAD COMPLEXIONS.

The Secret of Their Cause Fully Explained-Why Ladies Are Sallow And Men Pallid Same Valuable Pacts on the Subject.

In passing along the leading streets in almost any city in America to-day one will meet with but few ladies who have clear complexions. Many persons have tried to account for this sad fact because of the severe climate of America, but such reasoning is wrong. A bad complexion is caused by impure blood, and no lady can be really beautiful and no man ruddy who has diseased or impure blood.

The best known way of keeping the blood pure is by

keeping it circulating. In this way it passes rapidly through the lungs, kidneys and liver, and is constantly pur fied. But supposing the system is clogged up, as is frequently the case, then of course the blood becomes im pure. Then far too often men and women take some powerful purgative, pill or other substance, that clears the body quickly, weakens the strength and leaves the system in worse condition than before. The only sensible way is to take a gentle, pure and natural purgative. moderately but regularly, and the highest known medical authorities of the day agree that the genuine imported Carlabad Sprudel Salt is infinitely superior to any other natural preparation known to the world. It is gentle, yet stimulating; it is pure, yet powerful. Containing only natural properties, being evaporated from the celebrated Carlebad Sprudel Spring, it cannot injure the body in the least, and yet it has never failed to renew life, purify the blood and thus clear the complexion Hundreds of doctors have given it their unqualified in dorsements; thousands of people go each year to the Carlabad Springs, but they can obtain no greater benefit than by taking the Carlabad Sprudel Salt in its pow dered form, such as can be procured at any drug store in the land. When it is considered that the Carishad Salt costs, practically, little more than the cheap, questionable and often injurious Salts, purgatives and Bit-ter Waters that are in the market, one bottle being enf-ficient for nearly a month, all persons who keep pace with the times and desire only what is best, will see tha t is to their interest to use only the Carlsbad. Each pottle is in a light blue paper cartoon and has the signature Eisner & Mendelson Co., sole agents, on every bot One bottle mailed upon receipt of one dollar. Dr Toboldt's lecture and pamphlets mailed free upor application. Eisner & Mendelson Co., 6 Barclay st. New York.

### RANDOM GLANCES.

Boulangerism is threatening to spread. There s a probability of the popular idol of the French taking a wife from St. Louis. He is reported to be captivated by Mrs. Joseph D. Lucas, formerly Miss Fannie McLaren, of that city. Of course, the fact of another woman being the General's wife at present makes it harder to fix the date of the marriage with the St. Louis self, so she keeps the General's courage up with hopes of working off the present Mrs. Boulan ger. Whether it will increase the General's popularity to get divorced and marry a divorced remains to be seen. Even the "Little Corporal" made a bad fist of that sort of thing. Lool out, Bouley!

Blanche Stokes is a gay young thing, who would rather have a good time than say her beads. Blanche is even willing that dignity and sobriety shall go to the wall rather than be restrainted on her rhapsodic joy. Judge Duffy eent her up for a month for "disorderly con-

duct. What, a month ! You old bald-head !" cried Blanche. Thereupon the little Judge gave her a year. Blanche thinks his ideas of disorderly onduct are peculiar, when telling the truth i twelve times as bad as having a good time.

Fred May is church-going in Buenos Ayres This opens up fascinating conjectures as to what Brazilian church-going may be. In New York Fred used to amuse himself with breaking barroom furniture, knocking out rounders to whom he had not been introduced, and raising the devil generally. His presence in the sanctinonious atmosphere of Buenos Ayres is due to his skipping his bail when held for shooting a copper "who dared to interfere with May insulting a woman. All that is needed for Frederic's integral whitewashing now is to learn that he keeps awake during the sermon. Alas! this is not May, but December.

Dixey and Rice ought to be at home in New Orleans, for it is the "Land of Dixey" and the nother home of rice. Still Adonis and his manager got left there. But Renaud and Levy, local statue-like comedian and his manager paid \$8,000 for the instruction. They thought this pretty steep poker, but the New Orleans pokerers said it was only a teething process in the game for those latitudes.

A poor, inoffensive man in Montpelier, Vt. got drunk the other day and was imprisoned for over a year in consequence. Something must be out of joint in the Green Mountain State. If man up there got drunk and beat the partner of his joys he would probably be hanged, and if ie got to a zoological state of vision they would drag him asunder with wild horses. Evidently morbid views of the "rosy" prevail in Vermont. Shades of Ethan Allen!

When Nina Van Zandt's August Spies was lassoed by Chicago justice the morganatic widow took unto herself a lot of dogs. They were a bad lot. it would appear, for one of them tried to take a young and tender child, au naturel, for luncheon. Having rescued his chewed-up offspring, an indignant father now demands the execution of the dog. Nina is going to enter a counter suit, as what the dog ate of the child did not agree with him, so she thinks it ought to be quits.

The Babies of the Son-in-law of the Grandson of his Grandfather are to have a position in the White House during the coming Administration. It is suspected that the position will be that of the power behind the throne. Gen. Harrison meant to leave them at home when he went a Presidenting, but he finds that he cannot stand the wrench. The babies must go along or the Harrison Administration will be a sorry failure.

ARBITRATION APPROVED.

The Sash and Doormakers' Union Favo Making It Compulsory. to the Editor of The Evening World;

I have been instructed by our Union to sendyou their hearty thanks for the article which appeared in The Evenino World of Tuesday, the 5th inst., headed Arbitration, and it was resolved that we urge on the members of the Legislature to adopt some such measures that will in future serve to prevent Thanking you for the late railroad trouble,
Thanking you for the interest shown by your
journal in the welfare of the working class,
C. H. Wheelock.
Recording Secretary
Makers Union.

Heroic Treatment for Toothache.

[ Prom the Virginia City Chronicle.] The following heroic treatment for toothache was practised by a Cocopah Indian at Yuma: He rolled strips of cloth into small balls, and after setting fire to them applied the burning cloth to his cheek, holding them tightly to the skin until three great holes were seared into the flesh.

As Great as Rubens.

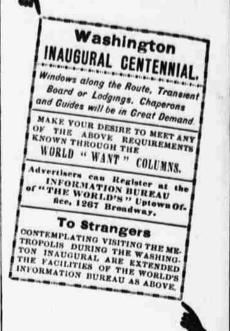
[From Harper's Basar.] "What a wonderful painter Bubens was!"

marked Merritt at the art gallery.

"Yes," assented Cors. "It is said of him that he could change a laughing face into a sad one by a single stroke."

"Why," spoke up little Johnnie, in disgust, "my school teacher can do that."

MONELL'S TRETHING CORDIAL at 25 cents a bottle will give relief to infants toething. Try it.



### ABE LINCOLN'S NATAL DAY.

THIS IS THE EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE EMANCIPATOR'S BIRTH.

Passed Almost Unnoticed in New York-Ne Flags on the Public Buildings and Only a Few Clubs Celebrate by Dining in the Evening-President Lincoln's Life Work

There was scarcely anything to remind the citizen of New York this morning that to-day is the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln

A few clubs which have been named after the great emancipator or whose history is linked with his prepared for the celebration of his birthday, but by the great mass of the people the significance of the day seemed to be almost forgotten.

The Stars and Stripes, the flag which Lincoln did so much to preserve, was not displayed on the municipal or on the Federal buildings of the city, and no association hung out his picture or paraded in his honor. In view of this it seems fitting to recall the life and achievements of the man whose name untold millions of his countrymen have cause to cherish strongly and affectionately in their memory.

Abraham Lincoln first saw the light in a log cabin in Hardin County, Ky., Feb. 12, 1809. His father was Thomas Lincoln, a typical frontiersman. His mother, Nancy Hanks, was an energetic though unschooled Kentucky woman. His grandfather, after whom he was named, was a friend and companion of Daniel Boone, and little Abe was

panion of Daniel Boone, and little Abe was as nearly a first family American as could be, having descended from five generations of Lincolns born in America, the "original stock" being from Norwich, England.

His ancestors were all tall, big-boned, large-jointed toilers, and young Abe's boyhood, spent in the Kentucky and Indiana wildernesses alongside the Ohio River, grew after the same pattern.

Of his boyhood's home Lincoln said: "It was a wild region, with many bears and other

Of his boyhood's home Lincoln said: "It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond readin, writin' and cipherin' to the rule of three.

But Abraham wanted to know all that those about him knew, and had a hankering to write down all that he saw or heard. At eighteen he was sufficiently advanced to take a cargo of farm products to market at New Orleans by raffidown the Ohio and Mississippi.

In 1830 his father moved to Macon County, Ill. Abe had attained his remarkable growth of 6 feet 4 inches at this time, and was won-

In 1830 his father moved to Macon County, Ill. Abe had attained his remarkable growth of 6 feet 4 inches at this time, and was wonderfully muscular, and he split the rails with which the big farm was fenced. Another move, to Goose Nest Prairie, in Coles County, Ill., was made a little later, and Thomas Lincoln died there at seventy-three years of age, his passage to the grave being tenderly smoothed by the son.

Several trips with produce to New Orleans had given Abraham an idea of the world, and broadened his mind in a way, and by dint of of occasional study and his own strength of will, he obtained admission to the bar in 1832, but almost immediately thereafter he volunteered in his country's service in the war with the Saes and Fox Indians under Black Hawk. His commander was Lieut. Robert Anderson, who commanded Fort Sumpter at the beginning of the civil war.

The same year he ran for the Legislature, got 277 votes out of 280 in his own town of New Salem, but was defeated. A country store which he purchased proved a failure and left him with a burden of debt which took him years to raise.

He then devoted himself to the law and with the emolument of Postmaster of his town and as ceputy surveyor he was enabled to gain a fair insight into law.

He was a member of the Legislature from 1834 to 1841, declining further honor in that direction. In 1846 he was elected to Congress from Springfield district as a Whig, and he became conspicuous in Congress as the persistent advocate of a scheme for freeing the blacks, though it was unsuccessful. This stand, taken by Lincoln and adhered to in the anti-slavery agitation of 1853, made him the leader of the Republican party of his State two years later, when John C. Fremoni was its candidate for President, and his remarkable anti-slavery speeches made him the unanimous choice of his party for the Presidency in 1860.

As President, Lincoln called about him the greatest minds of the nation. The termina-

dency in 1860.
As President, Lincoln called about him the As President, Lincoln called about him the greatest minds of the nation. The termination of the war and the assassination of Lincoln on April 15, 1865, are events familiar in the memory of all.

Lincoln married Mary Todd in Lexington, Kv., Dec. 12, 1818. He was a highly domestic man as well as a remarkable statesman, and holds a place in the hearts of his countrymen with Washington, Jefferson and Jackson.

An Interrupted Grave Robbery. How is a grave robbed? The process is very simple. The soft earth is dug down at

the head to the case. This is pried open with long chisels. Next the coffin is opened at the head, exposing the face and shoulders of the head, exposing the face and shoulders, the corpse. Hooks are then deftly inserted under the shoulders, and the stiff is haded from the resting-place to the surface, placed in a bag and driven to the dissecting room. Did I ever rob a grave? Yes, once. I had a midnight ride of five miles with a corpse. I was young then, and out of mere adventure I accompanied two resurrectionists whom I was young then, and out of mere adventure I accompanied two resurrectionists whom I employed to get a subject. According to the laws of that State it was a high misdemeaner to steal clothes or coffin out of a graveyard but no offense to steal the corpse. We get through our work, undressed the subject and were flinging the clothes tack into the open grave, when the sexton began firing upon us. There was no time to be lost. It was a serious matter, and I did not want to lose the stiff. With the assistance of the two men the body was borne to my buggy, near by, and placed upon the seat. Jumping beside it, I whipped my horse and away we went, it and I. Imagine a ride of five miles with a naked corpse on a Winter night! I have never robbed a grave since.